

## A SAD STORY.

## The Perry-Bynum Duel of Ante-Bellum Days.

Southern Field.

Mr. Yancey L. Gantt, business manager of the Southern field, was presented by Anderson's Studio, of Anderson, S. C., with a photograph of a historic spot in the Palmetto State. It is a little island in the Tugalo river, not far from Clemson College, and is the scene of the famous duel between Perry and Bynum, and in which the former was shot dead on the spot. The picture will be framed and ornament our business office.

To South Carolinians this duel forms a part of the historic records of that State, but a brief recital of that bloody event may be of interest to our readers in Georgia, as this island is in the stream that forms a part of the western boundary of Georgia.

Benjamin F. Perry was one of the ablest men upper Carolina produced. He was appointed by President Johnson Provisional Governor of South Carolina immediately after the close of our civil war, owing to his strong Union sentiments. Mr. Perry bitterly opposed secession, but when his State acted he went with it, and did his full duty as a loyal son. Even when a young man he antagonized the ruling and aristocratic element in his State, and while the distinguished Wm. L. Yancey and B. F. Perry were young men together, both living in Greenville district and near neighbors, they were widely divergent on the political issues of that day. Some thirty-five years ago, in writing a sketch of the great men of his State, Governor Perry saw fit to reflect upon the memory of this great secession statesman, and which article was conclusively answered by Col. Ben. C. Yancey, who lived in Athens.

B. F. Perry located in Greenville as a struggling young lawyer, without friends or influence, and to help out his meagre income was given editorial charge of the Greenville Mountaineer, the leading paper then in the up-country, and which is still published. Perry's sympathies were all with what is known as "the common people," and through the columns of the Mountaineer bitterly attacked the dominant and ruling class. His pen was dipped in caustic, and being an able and strong writer, his opponents could not measure words with him. But in order to retain their political ascendancy in upper Carolina, it was necessary to silence young Perry in some way. He was looked upon as a peaceful man, for he seemed to studiously avoid personal difficulties. In those days the code duello was in full practice among the chivalrous South Carolinians, and any man who would not fight was socially ostracized and branded as a coward.

It was finally decided to send to North Carolina and import a noted duelist, named Bynum, and who had "wined" several men and was celebrated as a dead shot at ten paces, to edit an opposition paper in Greenville. Bynum, it appears, was an adventurer, and gladly accepted the position, with the distinct understanding that he must either provoke Perry into fighting a duel and kill him, or drive him from the State.

The rival paper to the Mountaineer, with Bynum as its editor, was soon launched, and with its first issue he began to attack Perry. But he soon found he could not measure words or arguments with his rival, when Bynum deliberately set to work to provoke Perry into fighting a duel, or make him "show the white feather," and which in those times meant social ostracism and political death. But it was hard to thus force Perry into measures. With his able pen he parried every thrust Bynum aimed at him, and so kept his antagonist on the defensive. It was generally conceded that Perry was a brave man, and trying to evade sending a challenge. With him the pen was certainly mightier than the sword. Each week, when the Mountaineer appeared Bynum would find himself hoisted on his own petard, to which he would reply with still stronger or more abusive language. He had time and again used words to reference to the editor of the Mountaineer, that would have sent a less cold-blooded man to the field of honor. In the meantime Perry continued to riddle with logic and good sense the Bynum party, from

There is a meeting of the dominant class was held in Greenville, and it was decided that things had gone far enough, and Perry and his pen must be silenced one way or the other. This meeting culminated in the presentation of an editorial for Bynum, and a violent bitter and personal attack that could only be answered by a challenge. No other reply could be made. It seemed that the duel was

off the burial-ground, had cut down those pines, but their stumps were still standing.

In this old burial ground are the dust of many great South Carolinians, including the ancestors of our friend, Mr. Berry Benson, of Hartwell; but to our eye the saddest spot is the neglected grave of that young man who sold his life to vindicate political resentment, and was the victim of a bloody and brutal practice.

Several years ago we met a son of Gov. B. F. Perry, and spoke to him of that duel. He said his father never recovered from the horrors of the deed. He never spoke of the matter but once to his family, and when the subject was brought up, raised his hand in mute protest, and then stated that he never desired to have that unfortunate and deplorable occurrence mentioned in his family; that he would give all he possessed in the world—fame, fortune and political future—if he could only wipe from his hands the stains of Bynum's blood. It haunted Perry to his grave, and his saddened face plainly showed that the bullet which carried death to Bynum on that little island also inflicted an incurable wound in his own heart.

The writer is familiar with the history of this tragedy, for his father at that time lived in Greenville county, being a young man; and we have heard the facts recounted many times.

So that picture possesses historic interest, especially to South Carolinians. If you ever visit Clemson College, do not fail to pay a pilgrimage to that old Stone Church, and which is still standing, but no longer used as a place for public worship. Its grave yard is still kept up, and contains many costly and imposing monuments. In a few years those pine stumps that mark poor Bynum's grave will have decayed, and this sad spot become lost. There is no doubt that this is the grave of Bynum, for it has been pointed out by men who were present at both that fatal duel and the dismal burial. But the present generation seems ashamed that this duelist's dust mingles with their ancestors', and it is said those sentinel pines were purposely felled that the memory of this bloody tragedy might the sooner fade from the public mind.

In that old Stone Church John O. Calhoun once worshipped, as also the Pickens, and other distinguished men from the old Palmetto State. In that little graveyard repose the bones of leaders in the American Revolution, and men whose eloquence and statesmanship were heard and recognized throughout the world.

Bynum was clearly in the wrong; for he was a hot-brained and impatient, yet gallant young man; and the duel he forced on his opponent proved not only his own death-knell, but left a blot upon his name. His antagonist lived a long and honored life, but he could never wipe from his hands, or obliterate from his mind, the stain of human blood. This was the first and last personal encounter Gov. Perry was ever engaged in. He had established his reputation for courage, and was careful ever after to guard his words and actions as to live at peace with his fellow man. A settled gloom seemed to ever hover over him, and the public respected his self-selected seclusion. Gov. Perry, ever after, had a horror of bloodshed, and many believe that this fatal duel was responsible for his strong opposition to

secession. While the great mass of the people of the State differed with Gov. Perry politically, he had their universal respect. In politics, William Lowndes Yancey represented what you may term the Cavalier element in South Carolina, while B. F. Perry was typical of the Puritan. Both of these great men have long since passed away.

But even when clearly in the right, the sad career of Gov. Perry shows that the stain of human blood can never be wiped from one's hands.

But the code duello has now been abolished in South Carolina, and it is a criminal offense to either send or carry a challenge. But in old ante-bellum days, only blood could wipe out the slightest affront, and many of those little islands in the Savannah river have had their sands reddened with the blood of brave and chivalrous gentlemen.

## The Waste of Time.

When we were small boys we contracted the habit of wasting a portion of our time. Many of us did at least, and this habit has to a great extent followed us and has interfered with our being richer, wiser and better. Woods too often grow faster than the crop they interfere with and it is said that bad habits are more vigorous and persistent in growth than are good habits. The farmers more than any other class of business men have a habit of wasting time. They are not conscious of this habit and the fact makes it all the worse for them and they can't quit it.

One serious habit that the Southern and particularly the cotton farmer has formed is the habit of "laying by" crops and of considering the time between "laying by" and "gathering" a time in which there is no work to be done on the farm. The fact is that this is the best part of the year for several things that are neglected. Particularly is this period of the year a good one for clearing off ditch banks and for ditching the wet strips along the branches. These wet strips are the richest ground on the average farm and are neglected because of the propensity of the farmer to waste time when there is no imperative work to be done—imperative from the time-waster's standpoint. They should be cleared of bushes, briars, trash, etc., and ditched in this "lay by" season of the year since the work can then be done with much less cost and very much less inconvenience and discomfort than in the winter when the other husbandry period comes. If the farmer will sit down for half an hour and think over the things that should be attended to on his farm he will soon see that there is no time for idling and would not be if there were thirteen instead of twelve months in the year. Instead of idling in July and August—idling and contrasting indigestion—we should at least provide an ample supply of wood and means for keeping it dry, that we and our wives and children may not only be supplied with the comforts of a warm house but subjected to less danger of contracting illness.

There are many things that may be done between now and the middle of March and there is no better period of the year for doing many of these things than December, January and February. Without attempting to discuss these several things suppose we enumerate them and see if we have not overlooked or neglected some of them:

Have the grape vines and fruit trees been pruned?

Has that heavy crop of weeds that was allowed to grow in the garden been plowed under?

Have you provided the necessary material for hot beds and cold frames that must soon be started?

Of course there is an abundant supply of winter vegetables now in the garden such as cabbage, collards, cress, kale, onions, turnips and turnip greens, salsify, carrot, parsnip, celery, parsley, radish and the Irish and sweet potatoes and beets are keeping well. All these vegetables are in condition to be used whenever wanted through the winter?

Is there no attention that might be given the poultry, cattle, hogs, &c., that would make them more comfortable, useful and profitable?

Have you provided a good supply of hickory and oak from which to make single trees, double trees, wagon tongues, axe and hoe handles, &c., through the wet weather when you have been in the habit of doing nothing?

Are there no rails to split or posts to cut for wire fences? Is there a new gate needed? Does your gate sag? Is there a miserable filthy corner of the barn lot that needs attention? Have you noticed that a gully is forming in your back yard and nearly a hundred in your cotton fields? Are there no better comforts and conveniences about the house that would make, if provided, less labor and more comforts and pleasure for your wife? Dear farmer sit down and think; then kick yourself soundly and hire yourself to your wife's husband and go to work.—Southern Farmer.

## An Anti-Expansionist.

A Virginia mountaineer who had strayed to Richmond on an excursion, and who, as his holiday progressed became rather hilarious, grew over-confident of his own greatness.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I kin lick any man in Richmond."

No one offered to dispute the assertion, and he tried again.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I kin lick any man in the whole State of Virginia."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a tall, sinewy man from his own part of the State entered the game and gave the boaster a good thrashing.

The mountaineer had a sense of humor. He slowly picked himself up and faced the group to which he had boasted.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am now ready to acknowledge that I kivered too much territory in that last statement."—Baltimore Sun.

"Those who are not accustomed to rain are frightened by it," says a writer. "I once saw an Arab raised on for the first time. He was abjectly terrified and demanded to have his passage paid from the country—Silly—in which the dread phenomenon occurred. He had been conveyed from the Sahara, I think, by a European, whose servant he was, and he evidently thought his master was behaving abominably to him in permitting him to get wet. By the first steamer he returned to his native desert, abandoning excellent wages, and shaking the rain drops furiously from his slippery feet."

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